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UNITY

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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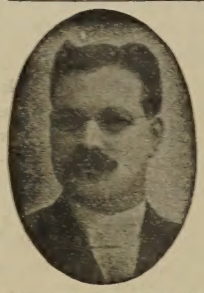

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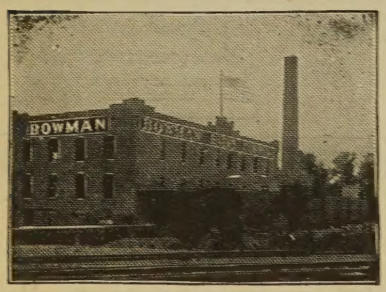

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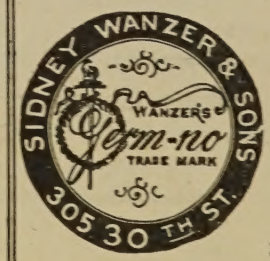

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VOLUME LXII THURSDAY NOVEMBER 19, 1908 NUMBER 1

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

—*Jeremy Collier.*

Books

"Book Numbers," annual and otherwise, are popular devices of successful journals. They are a legitimate contrivance between publishers and editors to their mutual advantage. "Book Numbers" are, of course, the place for book advertisements, and the successful advertising hypnotist gets in his work in the book number issues, as the stuffed pages before and after testify.

There is a cruel habit at the UNITY sanctum of violently wrenching from their wired moorings the before-mentioned advertising pages, and it is surprising how much more portable and available for the traveling bag of the itinerant editor the magazine becomes. Violent as this vivisection may seem, it is a bloodless one; no violence is done to any "vital parts," and the potency of the patient seems to be increased.

All this may seem to our more successful contemporaries a case of sour grapes. We frankly confess that we have never rejected any proffered advertisement from legitimate book houses, and the UNITY *advertising* man, who devotes such fraction of his time to its interest as he can spare from more profitable solicitation, does not see any reason why UNITY should notice books. He even suggests with subtle cynicism that the publishers of good books are sufficiently good business men to know that UNITY is simple enough to note such wares as come in its way, particularly such as please it, without any advertising bonus.

Be this as it may, we like to keep up the pleasing fiction of an "annual book number." It enables us to "clear the editorial decks," to "take account of stock" or, in a more fitting figure, to take observation, like the mariner at sea, in order to determine the location and ascertain the progress made.

More seriously, we believe that our readers share with us a delight in books and rejoice in the flow of printers' ink as a healing stream, notwithstanding the turgidity of the swollen tide which at times threatens the legitimate bounds and its own refreshing and irrigating mission.

Book-buying reaches its acute maximum in ante-Christmas days, and so in this and, so far as necessary, succeeding numbers of UNITY, we will give the book the right of way and are happy in the opportunity of calling attention to such new books as are at hand.

POETRY.

An unspeakable pathos gathers around the thin little volume, much of which is white paper, containing the "Poem Outlines" (Scribners), which that gifted child of genius, Sidney Lanier, left in his portfolio. The one hundred and twenty pages contain almost as many poem seeds, all of them suggestive of a sensitive soul, a fertile mind and the fervor of a reformer, like the author of "The Marshes of Glynn," "The Symphony" and "Corn." Some of them have already sprouted a title, but most of them are formless embryos.

Is it worth while to expose these little people of the dark to the garish light of the published page? Yes. For the sake of the lovers of Sidney Lanier, and their numbers are to increase. Only those who come to love the intensity of the American Keats, who admire the heroism of his thwarted genius, will have any use for this peep into the poet's work shop. All others would be intruders and will meet with the rebuke that belongs to intruders.

Just as this book saw the light, the genial, cultured brother Clifford, who collaborated with Sidney in the production of some of the most effective dialect and other poems already published, passed into the mysteries from his beautiful home in Montgomery, Ala., in which city he was much honored. This adds another touch of pathos to the suggestive little book. Mr. Clifford Lanier was himself no mean poet in his own right, as on occasions too rare the columns of UNITY, which found in Mr. Lanier a constant reader, have testified.

"The Great Fight" (Putnam's), is another book compiled out of the unfinished work of a true poet who, like Lanier, humanly speaking, went hence before his work was done. Wm. Henry Drummond, the author of "The Habitant," "The Voyageur" and "Johnny Corteau," was a real poet, working a veritable new vein of poetry which it took a poet's soul to discover. The honest, rustic, vigorous and quaint dialect of the French Canadian settler found in this Irish Canadian doctor an inspired and inspiring interpreter. The biographical material by his wife and the memorial poem by Dr. Weir Mitchell, as well as the twenty new pieces with the illustrations that truly illustrate make this a worthy companion to the volumes already named.

"With apologies to Goethe" is a legend that may well appear on the title page of a freely adapted version of Goethe's "Faust," by Stephen Phillips, aided by J. Comyns Carr (McMillan). This is a fierce condensation of Goethe, apparently for stage purposes. The whole long poem is condensed and brought within the acting limits of four acts. He preserves in a surprising degree the Goethe flavor. So humbly and faithfully has Mr. Phillips adhered to his inspiring preceptor, that one can hardly realize how much of it is his own. This is a very readable, and on its own account, valuable version of one of the imperishable treasures of the higher folk lore. So far as we know, this book is the only contribution of the year from the pen of one from whom the world has a right to expect more.

Evidently Howard V. Sutherland, the author of "Idylls of Greece" (Sheman, French & Co.), believes that the vitality of the old Greeks is still vital and that their stories are capable of being rendered into modern

poetry. The faith of publishers is proved by the handsome setting which they have given to these four Greek stories—"Prokris and Kephalos," "Melas and Anaxe," "Acis and Galatea," and "Oeme and Oenus." Whether this faith is justified we leave to more competent critics, to the perhaps one competent critic, Time, to decide. Certainly here is a book that tempts the student of the airy words and winged lore of Hellas.

You can trust Henry Van Dyke for the "Lilt of Delightful Rhythm." You can trust him also out of doors. He knows how to track a poem to its lair ever at the heart of nature, whether it be the falling leaf or a sprouting seed. A new book of his at least once a year is the rightful expectation of those who hold a man responsible for his gifts. "The Builders" (Scribners), takes its title from the last poem in the attractive little volume. For all his academic honors, perhaps the "Singing Doctor" in this way would acknowledge the fact that his "Academic Ode" on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Princeton College, comes after "The Whip-poor-will" and "The Trout Book." In these days when devastating Nimrods stalk forth in murderous numbers, incidentally to shoot deer and accidentally to shoot one another, we can but wish that this poet of out-doors could enjoy the trout in the brook more than the murderous art, however dainty, of getting the trout out of the brook, for it is the poet's mission to save rather than to destroy life. But we are glad that it is nothing worse, and hope that the singing heart will continue to express itself in the winsome lyrics and the cheerful trust in which his pages abound.

Edward Everett Hale says that once at least he received a direct revelation, when a voice as from above said to him, "A good old sermon is better for your people than a poor new one." Whitcomb Riley comes to us this year, if not with a new volume, with two delightful volumes of old poems in pretty form and fitting illustrations, such as his Indianapolis publishers know how to give him. His "Songs of Summer" and "Home Again With Me" (Bobbs Merrill Co.), will promptly find their place on the home table of the increasing thousands whose lives are sweetened and lightened by the ever wholesome Hoosier poet.

The illustration sheet of the Sunday newspaper has worked the inhabitants of toy-land grotesquely, but Charles Wylie has worked the inhabitants of doll-land most humanly and consequently humorously, Elizabeth M. Gordon furnishing the letter text of "The Mighty Hunter of Toyland" (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

PEDAGOGICAL.

Perhaps no more honest, timely and worthy text-book has been contributed to the advanced student during the year than in the volume called "Ethics" (Henry Holt), by Prof. John Dewey of Columbia University and Prof. Tufts of the University of Chicago. "Ethics" is an old study, but the newest of sciences, so that this text-book is a prophetic one. It recognizes morality as a growth and that the "theory of the moral life" must be carried forward into action. Professor Tufts has traced the beginnings and growth of morality from primitive man up through the Hebrew and the Greek to the modern man. Professor Dewey has given us the "theory of the moral life," while the world of action, the closing part consisting of seven chapters, is divided between the two: Professor Dewey dealing with social organization and the individual, civil society and the political state; Professor Tufts dealing with the economic family life. To say that it is a modern handling of the subject is to say that these men recognize the individual as a part of a larger whole, a fraction of an organic unity which carries morality up into the plural number, the "I" and "mine" giving way to the "we" and "ours." The names of the authors are sufficient guarantee of the value of a book which only a specialist in these directions can adequately estimate.

Very different in form from the work of Professors Dewey and Tufts is the volume entitled "The Teacher" (Houghton Mifflin & Co.), which consists of various essays and addresses on education from the pen of Professor George H. Palmer and that of his brilliant wife, the late lamented Alice Freeman Palmer, the great president of Wellesley, whose story as told by her husband is one of the most charming books of the year. One group of these papers deals with the problems of school and college, such as the "Ethical and Moral Instruction in School," the "Ideal Teacher," "University Extension" and "Specialization;" "Harvard Papers" include—articles on "Teaching of New Education and College Expenses." There are four papers touching, of course, on the woman's side of culture, by Mrs. Palmer. Anything from the pen of these gifted teachers commands the attention of the thoughtful,—may their numbers increase.

President Faunce of Brown University has put his Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale University for 1908 in book form under the title of "The Educational Ideal in a Minister" (MacMillan). The book ought to reach the heads as well as the hearts of bright, high minded, clean handed seniors, in such a way as to restore to the ministry something of its old-time dignity in their estimation. Notwithstanding the confessed decadence of the minister's profession in the estimate of college men and the consequent depletion, if not deterioration, of the theological school constituency, the ministry is still an open way to the competent, a high,—we think the highest,—leadership, and offers abundant inducement for the earnest and well endowed young men and women who are not mercenary, to enter it.

"Racial Contrasts," by Albert Gehring, and "The Twentieth Century American," by H. Perry Robinson, are two books from the Putnam press that tempt comparative reading. The former tries to distinguish between the traits of the Graeco-Latins and Teutons in literature, painting, etc., and traces their evolution by the light of comparative philology. The latter seeks to distinguish between the Englishman and the American. The more tempting chapters perhaps are those which study the "American Attitude Towards Women," "A Comparison of Culture" and "The People at Play." Both books may be termed contributions to contemporary politics, art and culture.

BOOKS OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The book that "does not pay for the publication" has a large place in the economy of culture. Indeed, it is scarcely saying too much, that the best books seldom pay for the publication. All the large contributions of literature as well as of science have to force themselves on public attention and beg and starve for recognition. For this reason, publishing houses that are endowed or sustained by special funds for special purpose are justified, although in the case of denominational publishing houses the justification is often overworked.

Whatever may be said of the "dry" character of denominational publications finds prompt and brilliant exceptions in some recent publications of the American Unitarian Association. For instance:

In "Captain Thomas A. Scott," F. Hopkinson Smith has told a story far more interesting than that of "Caleb West, Master Diver," by simply telling the plain facts concerning the original model of Caleb West. The story is as healthy as it is thrilling. It is the notable volume V. in the series of "True American Types." Every one of them should promptly escape the fettering implication of the denominational imprint; they belong to everybody and appeal to everybody. The story of Captain Scott is the best kind of boy's book; it will beat the dime novel and the yellow cover on their own grounds.

Robert Collyer is certainly as thrifty as he is venerable. He is setting his house in order, administering his own estate in a most commendable manner. His two volumes from this press entitled "Some Memories" and "Where the Light Dwelleth" are as delightful as they are valuable. The first puts in beautiful book form the charming reminiscences, snatches of autobiography, which so delighted his friends in the *Christian Register* during 1903-4. There are many other things that might be said, but he who reads these "Memories" will have a better biography of the blacksmith preacher than is given through many a more studied effort. May it be a long while before the touching appendix need be written by another hand. It will be a daring hand that will undertake to supplement this delightful prose.

In the second volume we have twenty-three pages of a Memoir by Charles Hargrove, an English brother minister, as was fitting, a poem to Robert Collyer by Chadwick, and twenty sermons, sunny, sensible, solemnly bordering the infinite and eternal things. There is only one Robert Collyer, and these books are as unique as they are inspiring.

"Sons of the Puritans" is a worthy companion to the "Daughters of the Puritans," from the pen of Mr. S. C. Beach, published a few years ago. These eleven Puritans are served for the reader by eleven different men. Some of these "Sons" and their biographers need an introduction to the hurried western reader at least, but a book that contains an estimate of Phillips Brooks by C. C. Everett and of anybody by the late lamented Charles Eliot Norton, whose official sun is about to set in a blaze of autumnal glory, is worth having.

It seems almost sacrilege to imprison in cold type the flights of a sensitive soul in extempore prayer, and still there is reason for it. A dignified little volume of one hundred and sixty pages gives the result of such intrusion upon the devotions of Charles G. Ames, who, for twenty years, has not only instructed by his sermons, but has led the aspirations of the Church of the Disciple in Boston in prayer. It is reasonable that the people should ask for this memorial volume on the eightieth birthday of him who has ministered unto them, and it was right that Mr. Ames should give such literary revision as the nature of the case would warrant. Many outside those who feel the personal presence in these lines will find this a helpful book. Why should not the halting spirit in the pulpit, lay or clerical, avail themselves of these high utterances and find thereby the service enriched?

(To be continued in next issue. Further answers to inquiries concerning favorite books solicited.)

So the real argument for the use and power of prayer is to pray, not to talk about it out of the head so much as to do it out of the heart, and, when we are troubled at all about it, to see what has been done, and believe what is now being done through its wonderful and beautiful grace.—*From Collyer's "Where the Light Dwelleth."*

Extracts

Still to the same results I war with God:
I will the evil, I achieve the good.
—*Mephistopheles, from "Faust," by Stephen Phillips.*

The utterance of so many words of sorrow and of gratitude from all sorts and conditions of men—from Jew and Catholic, from Orthodox and Free-thinker—over the death of Phillips Brooks, recalls the earlier times when the Church was one, and its bishop was the bishop of all. May we not say rather that it is a foregleam of the coming time, when, if the divisions of the Church shall still maintain themselves, they will do it in a spirit of mutual sympathy and with the sense of sharing in a common work; so that if one member suffers, all the members shall suffer with it; not simply by a sympathetic and reflected grief, but because what is a loss for one is felt to be truly a loss for all?—*From "Sons of the Puritans."*

THE POLITICIANS.

You are servants. Your thoughts are the thoughts of cooks curious to skim perquisites from every pan, your quarrels are the quarrels of scullions who fight for the privilege of cleaning the pot with most leavings in it, your committees sit upon the landings of back stairs, and your quarrels are the quarrels of kitchens.—*From "Poem Outlines," by Sidney Lanier.*

It requires but little talent to set the foibles of a people to meter, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and divine to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives and give these facts such artistic setting that the poems will live forever.—*From "The Great Fight," by William Henry Drummond.*

We do not know in any full sense whence the life of the spirit comes, and we cannot, while standing upon the platform of ethics, predict its future. But if our study has shown anything, it is that the moral is a life, not a something ready made and complete once for all. It is instinct with movement and struggle, and it is precisely the new and serious situations which call out new vigor and lift it to higher levels. Ethical science tracing this process of growth, has as its aim not to create life—for the life is present already,—but to discover its laws and principles. And this should aid in making its further advance stronger, freer and more assured because more intelligent.—*Professor Tufts, in "Ethics."*

The foes of life, especially of women's lives, are caprice, wearisome incapacity, and petty judgments. From these oppressive foes we long to escape to the rule of right reason, where all things are possible, and life becomes a glory instead of a grind.—*Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, in "Why Go to College?" published in "The Teacher."*

But nothing is more obvious in the minister's environment than the powerful stimulus to intellectual and moral growth which comes from ministering continuously to the same congregation for a series of years. In this respect the minister differs sharply from the school teacher. The latter teaches a procession of pupils constantly passing through his schoolroom. The minister joins the procession and marches with it. In the schoolroom the pupils annually change, and the teacher, going over the same lesson year after year, is in danger of stagnation and fossilizing. In the normal church the congregation changes but slowly, the same men may sit in the pews ten or twenty or thirty years, and the minister must keep in advance of the congregation intellectually and religiously, or leave his pulpit altogether. He must continually surpass himself or retire. If a man desires to make the most of his own powers, there are few positions in life that so imperiously demand constant growth as the pastorate of the same flock for ten or twelve years.—*From "The Educational Ideal in the Ministry," by Professor Faunce.*

A little love makes life endurable;
Much love would make us gods. And knowing this
I bide within the shadow with my harp
And sing of love, and lovers who beheld
Long years ago the beauties ye ignore.
The whole ye seek, with strain'd and tired eyes,
The Stairs of Silence, winding ever down.
And though no more my notes may reach the skies
Like his of old who charm'd the surging seas
And made the thrushes listen, yet perhaps
Men's hearts may gain some comfort from the strain
And bless the singer though the stars be mute.
I sing the Past, and singing am content
If one look up. For, startled by my song,
That one shall see the utter loveliness
Which lured the lovers of the Long Ago,
And know that he is heir to all the dreams
That make men happy. Thus would I be crown'd.
—*From "Idylls of Greece," by Howard V. Sutherland.*

A Voice spake out of the sky:
"Set thy desires more high.
Thy buildings fade away
Because thou buildest clay.
Now make the fabric sure
With stones that shall endure.
Hewn from the spiritual rock,
The immortal towers of the soul
At Time's dissolving touch shall mock,
And stand secure while aeons roll."
—*From "The Builders," by Henry Van Dyke.*

And so, whate'er the weather,
He and I,—
With our lives linked thus together,
Float and fly
As two thistle-tufts imbedded
Each in each—by zephyrs wedded—
Touring upward, giddy-headed,
For the sky.
—*From "Songs of Summer," by Whitcomb Riley.*

Then little Rose ran to the bears and gave them both three hugs.
"Now, go and thank this man," she said, "that you're not turned to rugs."

They went to him; he seemed quite pleased that everything was righted,
And took a paw of each big bear, and simply said "Delighted!"
—*From "The Mighty Hunter in Toyland," by Elizabeth M. Gordon.*

Reviews

By F. A. Christie, Professor in the Meadville Theological School.

First and Last Things: A Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life. By H. G. Wells, (Putnam's Sons.)

A man may write very sincerely about life, but if we see that he thinks as tradition or institutions make necessary, we do not count his testimony. It is the free voice that moves us. Mr. H. G. Wells is one of the freest spirits in the England of today and we know him as a relentless critic of modern life and a man of unconventional idealism. In the present book he tells us with rare candor and keen honesty just what he believes and feels and hopes about human experience. It is a document of the greatest interest and value, one of those that register and illustrate epochs of change.

Mr. Wells, too, is among the pragmatists—in the sense of extending the experimental spirit to all human interests. He disavows the ultimates of dogmatic minds. Minds differ. None have quite the same circle of thought. Each has its bias. Truth is only approximate. The guiding beliefs are "less of the nature of fact than of artistic expression." But this undogmatic mind has a fundamental faith or postulate, the postulate of one universe "in which I and every part are ultimately important." This act of faith which contains within itself a measureless democracy of life becomes at moments a communion in which the "universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person," but Mr. Wells will not be involved in other men's dogmatisms by using the name of God. It is apparent to the reader that the content of Mr. Wells' experience coincides sufficiently with that of those who avow a theistic belief. Mr. Wells sees in the believing Christian a spiritual brother, but refuses to conceive of himself as a Christian. This is because "salvation through Christ" has no meaning to him and because, as is evident, he has a theological and unhistorical image of the founder of Christianity: "An incomprehensibly sinless being neither God nor man." A modernist like Dr. McGiffert (Hibbert Journal, October, 1908), would test his Christianity solely by his relation to the supreme Christian purpose, and many a theologian may envy Mr. Wells his power of presenting in stimulating modern form the content of that supreme goal which the church names Kingdom of God and for which Wells has many less technical names. Dazzled by the vision of the great future outcome of the whole of things, he undervalues the single personality as mere incident to the race drama. The result is an absence of belief in personal immortality. Surely this lacks full harmony with his initial act of faith.

Just as the theologian adds to his system of doctrines a system of Christian ethics, so Mr. Wells adds principles of conduct to his statement of faith. Many of these counsels are admirable, many are shaped by the laws of Utopia in Mr. Wells' particular vision of Utopia. The reviewer, and many a reader perhaps, will confess that he is not quite emancipated from older prescriptions of duty, but no one will fail to acknowledge the charm of this frank, personal, loving hearted discussion of life.

Occasionally a theological school timidly introduces into its curriculum some attention to the views of life and duty presented in current literature. Mr. Wells' "Confession of Faith" is excellent matter for such a class room.

The Atoning Life. By Henry Silvester Nash. (The Macmillan Company.)

A reader's first comment on Professor Nash's book must be an acknowledgment of the refined beauty of its thought and diction, the noble and chastened beauty of words and thoughts that utter deep spiritual experience of the divine life. It is the language of the sanctuary, uttered by a scholar of rich theological culture, who aims to find new meaning for his altar speech in that Word of God which actuates the spiritual life of today.

It is helpful to compare this book with the "Confession of Faith" by H. G. Wells, noticed above. Mr. Wells adopts a style of the superior journalist and is but an amateur in theology. He confides to us his faith and hope unconventionally with no thought of resuscitating an old doctrine to new life. Ultimately, however, the two men mean much the same thing. For Wells there is a revelation of God in the imperative obligatory aspect to him of a purposive whole of things—the whole that human experience appropriates in the measures of its actual life. For him there is salvation, unity, peace in yielding to the great purpose in faith and loyalty and the purpose is a vast and equal fellowship of love and brotherhood. It is the religion of idealistic socialism and it asks the church to become "the conscious illuminated expression of Catholic brotherhood." So, too, for Nash there is a revelation of God to which the Bible is only a past witness. The abiding place of revelation is in the corporate will of humanity, where God is building the society and fellowship which is man's deepest need. For Nash, too, salvation consists in adopting the great divine purpose of a Kingdom of God. Even when confronted by sin and worldliness he has a saving certitude. The vision of perfect human fellowship makes him feel the being and will of the living God well up within his soul. These words of the theologian could have been used with equal ease by the novelist. In one matter, however, the theologian is more modern than Mr. Wells. He is immensely freer from tradition in understanding salvation through Jesus. Jesus is a saving agent because he brings the Kingdom of God down from the clouds and presents

it as a reign of God on earth. By his word and life he asks and constrains us to be dedicated to that supreme hope. "And so he becomes our Savior, delivering us from the vanities that debase us and the fears that unman us."

There are more things in this profound and interesting book of Nash which must be left unmentioned, but the significance of it may be already apparent. In Catholic ages the central message was the word made flesh, the union of an eternal divine nature with the human in one person and the sacramental appropriation of that person for the eternalizing of the believer. Older Protestantism presented the Word of God as the Atonement of Christ and the appropriation of forgiveness through the faith of the believer. The Catholic started from Johannine expressions and the Protestant from Paul. The modernist in every church starts where Channing and Ritschl revealed the real organizing principle of Christianity—in the summons of Jesus to live for the Kingdom of God, the perfect order of human fellowship. Professor Nash is translating the Pauline into the Synoptic. He is aiding in the regeneration of theology and the reinspiration of life by the revival of the original and organizing principle of Christianity as a practical religion. A comparison with Dr. McGiffert's remarkable article in the Hibbert Journal for October will show how conscious of power and hope this new theology is.

Paralipomena; Remains of Gospels and Sayings of Christ. By Rev. Bernhard Pick, Ph. D., D. D. (Open Court Publishing Company.)

All students of the beginnings of Christianity will be grateful to Dr. Pick for this collection of materials from other sources than the New Testament. He has gathered more non-canonical sayings than any of his predecessors in this field of publication and furnishes an admirably complete bibliography. How many of these sayings can be safely attributed to the historical Jesus is a question not easily answered, but the collection illustrates many currents of thought in the early churches and the uncritical ease with which these thoughts and imaginations were ascribed to him. Those that are the most likely claimants to authenticity are the least theological. Imagination may have produced the beautiful episode translated from the Coptic in which Jesus rebukes a man for cruelty to animals, but the imagination is true and one can only regret that the story is not a part of our Synoptic record of the Life of Jesus and likely on that ground to be of Scriptural authority for those who know Scripture only in the form of church lessons.

A Physician to the Soul. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Now that the therapeutic movement within the churches has disentangled the facts of experience from the shallow metaphysics of Mrs. Eddy, it is useful to hear a fresh discussion of the matter from a man of independent position. Mr. Dresser outlines the ideal occupation of a physician of the soul in a manner which suggests the philosophic house chaplain of the Roman Stoic circles, and he illustrates the counsel which such a moral physician would give. A valuable chapter on the Power of the Spirit attempts to show the right adjustment of religious faith and experience viewed with scientific precision, and the reviewer notes conclusions which seem like a fresh statement of Channing's leading idea. At the close of the book a "true" Christian Science is expounded on the basis of the preaching of Jesus, but it is quite plain that Mr. Dresser reads the gospels in the light of his modern idea.

God: An Inquiry and a Solution. By Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Company.)

Mr. Carus argues that science ends in a conception of God as the organic unity of the normative principles operative in the universe, a conception which involves both transcendence and immanence. The presentation of this view is somewhat unmethodical and the extremely personal tone of the book robs it of literary distinction. The conception advocated is not unlike that of Neo-Platonism and can certainly be regarded as reconcilable with what is implied in a faith won by the processes of moral and religious experience. To the reviewer the chief defect of such a book is the easy manner in which an idea obtained by reflection is at once invested with all the meanings and values of the object of religious experience without argument from the implications of that experience.

The Sea of Faith. By Milton Reed. (American Unitarian Association.)

This beautifully printed book contains the somewhat loosely related reflections of a cultivated reader of books and observer of life who sees the decay of old forms and the fresh manifestations of faith. Even when the comments lack incisiveness the reader feels himself in the company of an amiable, well-read and high-minded man.

Leadership: The William Belden Noble Lectures. By the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Bishop Brent's Harvard lectures are vigorous homilies urging students to be leaders in the common life and setting forth the motives and conditions of leadership. The lectures have the value of earnest enthusiasm and a happy zeal for finding incentives in concrete instances of human nobility and goodness.

Health and Happiness, or Religious Therapeutics and Right Living. By Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL. D. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

A number of clergymen in various denominations have undertaken to give a real meaning to the old name of their duty—the cure of souls. Horatio Dresser speaks of these efforts for religious therapeutics as the most promising movement in the church at the present moment. Bishop Fallows tells us in the present book the methods employed by him at St. Paul's Church, Chicago, and the results accomplished, not in the form of a scientific report and discussion, but in the form of general explanation and advocacy. The presentation has the enthusiasm of the successful worker and wins confidence by the absence of dogmatic pretensions and a sane acknowledgment of the limits of our knowledge. It is an interesting story and a cheering one, exhibiting the fact that faith in divine friendship has a healing and remedial power whenever the faith is a genuine and complete personal assurance. One is tempted to ask why our churches do not follow the example of the Roman Catholics in England and Belgium in instituting "retreats" for the laity in which the content of faith is made a real possession of the soul with beneficent results to the whole nature.

Where Knowledge Fails

A small volume by Earl Barnes. [Art of Life Series B. W. Huebsch], is one in a series of books intended by its editor, Edward Howard Griggs, "to bring together chapters of vital thinking on the immediate problems men and women must face in the supreme art of living."

The author, while a man trained in scientific thought, has yet kept the reverent spirit of one who recognizes a world beyond the realm of exact knowledge. To him the conclusions of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer are convincing in so far as they sum up man's knowledge of things material. Yet even here science does not speak a final word; for such a force as radium, lying beyond scientific classification, points out clearly the fallacy of believing any scientific hypothesis to be complete. Man, through whose five senses has arrived the vast mass of scientific conclusion with regard to the world about him, is slow to believe the evidence of new senses stirring him to apperception of spiritual truth. "Our generation is a practical one * * * So few will believe further than they can see."

The author makes a strong plea for faith in the guidance of our unclassified higher senses, which, even in their present rudimentary stage of development, bring us in touch with a world of experience beyond the reach of our sight, hearing, touch, taste, or smell.

It is the debatable ground between science and religion that this little book occupies so bravely, reaching out from proved facts towards those things we feel but cannot yet prove,—among which the author classes "Belief in personal significance, God and immortality."

C. S. P. W.

Notes

Four charming stories from the German, translated by George P. Upton and published by A. C. McClurg & Co., in the series of "Life Stories for Young People," have reached the UNITY review table. They are "Undine," "The Duke of Brittany," "Marie Antoinette's Youth," and "Arnold of Winkelried." Twenty of these noble stories are already available, and more are forthcoming. Of the translation it should be enough to say that it is worthy of the translator of "Memories." Though written and translated with children in mind, they are, as all children's books should be, of equal interest to adults who have not lost their relish for good reading. They are printed in good, clear type, as if thoughtful of the priceless gift of eyesight, and bound in pleasant green with title in white and decorations in gold. Price, 60 cents net.

E. H. W.

Try Smiling

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relations all fight,
Sure it's hard, but then you might—
Try smiling.

Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling;
But it cannot make them worse—
Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o' rests your face,
Just smiling.

—*Exchange.*

THE PULPIT

The Curfew

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 15, 1908.

A neighboring Father of a Catholic Church has recently made a ripple of a sensation in the Chicago papers by reviving the curfew bell of venerable custom. After securing a pledge of co-operation from the parents in his parish and the policemen in his territory, he has caused his church bells to be rung at a quarter to nine, which is a signal to all the children in his parish who may be on the street, unaccompanied by their parents or elders, to run home and get themselves to bed. The papers say that a few minutes later the good Father takes his good black-thorn stick and patrols the neighborhood, and if he finds any of his children dallying by the way he quickens their steps, if need be, with a flourish of his trusty black-thorn. The reports say that the salutary result is immediately evidenced by a decline in petty misdemeanors and minor arrests as well as by a decided improvement in the standing of the children in the schools.

This application of an old custom to a modern problem is interesting. This applying of what was once a manifest military and economic requirement of simple communities to the sociological perplexities of the complex life of a modern city, challenges study and deserves the serious consideration by parent, teacher and preacher in the face of the confessed difficulties and dangers connected with the child-life of modern communities.

The ordinary interpretation of the word "curfew" derives it from the French *"couvre-feu"*—cover the fire; and it is based on an old mediaeval custom of ringing the bell as a signal for shutting the city gates, putting out the lights, and covering the fire that the embers may be kept alive and the fires promptly started for the next day's comfort and needs. Tradition further says that the custom was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who ordered, under severe penalties, that the bells should be rung, fires extinguished and all lights out at eight o'clock on winter evenings, and a somewhat later hour on summer evenings. But the Encyclopedia Britannica suspects that this custom antedated the arrival of the Conqueror in England, for it was a widespread and well established custom throughout Europe in all the Middle Ages. The hours varied; the details of the regulation were diverse; the name soon lost the primitive significance of the derivation given above,—if that were the true one,—and the ringing of the town or cathedral bell for the regulation of the economic, police, and pious habits of the community, at a time when clocks were rare and dangers many, became a custom as necessary as it was wise.

But although the Century Dictionary, the Britannica, and other standard authorities available give, without hesitation, the derivation already alluded to, Lionel Creswell, a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1895, contends in a very learned way that the word as well as the custom reaches further back than any hearthstone significance. He traces the word through *"carre-four"*—the four ends, or the cross roads, which of course came to be the village square, the market place, around which ultimately the Guild Hall or municipal building and the village church were erected, and the tower of the Guild Hall or the steeple of the village church became the "belfry,"—the place

of the bells,—that told the time for the opening and closing of the gates; by its ringing the guards were mounted and relieved; at its signal the citizens retired to rest or roused themselves for the day's work.

> "Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crowed;
> The curphew bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock;
> Look to the baked meats, good Angelica,"

cries Lady Capulet in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. On an old monastery bell found in Staffordshire, England, was inscribed

> "I am called ye curfue bell,
> I ryngen at VIII or more,
> To send ye alle to bedde
> And wake ye up at IV."

This learned article carries the English curfew back beyond the Conqueror to the great Alfred himself. An old history of Oxford says:

> "The custom of ringing the bell at curfew every night at eight o'clock was by order of King Alfred."

But all this learning only plants the curfew bell more solidly into the community life of man. That it was for centuries a neighborhood utility, a civic institution of great value, there can be no doubt.

The question which I offer for consideration is whether the old curfew bell does not stand for a modern utility, suggesting the necessity for some such counter of the common life, a protective and directing regulation for the larger unit, of whose identity and interest we are still too careless and indifferent.

An old book of ordinances contains this item:

> "No tavern keeper or tailor shall keep open his shop after the hour of curfew."

And Professor Freeman quotes from an old regulation:

> "Every night each person should be summoned by the striking of a bell to offer prayers, and warned that when the doors have been shut it is forbidden to wander outside of them any more."

Happily, the question I propound is not an abstract question, not a matter in the realm of theoretic sociology, for we have some interesting data to work upon. The custom has been tried in recent times and, from what I have been able to ascertain, the result has been uniformly good so far as the rule has been faithfully applied.

The movement in America to revive the curfew custom, so far as to apply it to the lives of little children, say boys and girls under sixteen,—seems to have been started by the Boys' and Girls' National Home and Employment Association, organized in 1890, for the express purpose of studying and, if possible, reducing hoodlumism and crime among boys. Colonel Alexander Hogeland of Kentucky, President of this Association, as a result of his study, undertook an active propaganda in the interest of a modern curfew, to which he gave many years of devoted study, much travel and effective agitation. Educational journals, pedagogical conventions, parents' meetings and town and city councils took the matter into serious consideration, and in many places put the suggestion to a practical test.

The *Journal of Education,* published in Boston, perhaps the leading pedagogical journal in the country, in the issue of February 10, 1898, speaks of the movement as "well defined and healthy." The school board of Springfield, Mass., in its annual report, is quoted as follows:

> "The strengthening of character should take precedence of intellectual work. It is during the hours out of school, when pupils are away from the care of the teachers, that the street, with its attendant lessons of evil, usurps the place of good home instruction. We are heartily in sympathy with the reestablishment of the curfew, or its equivalent, lately instituted in some cities and seriously consideded in others. The community thus recognizes its own laxity and proposes to do through legislation what ought to be done by the common sense of parents. . . . It is doubtful if the American public will yield gracefully to so much public interference with domestic affairs as would be implied in the ringing in of the children at bedtime. The curfew movement was started by the Boys' and Girls' National Home Employment Association in 1894. The ordinance provides that all children under fifteen shall be indoors, unless accompanied by responsible seniors or are sent on errands, by nine o'clock in summer and eight o'clock in winter. Lincoln, Neb., is said to have been the first to adopt it, and now several hundred places have adopted it, among them Omaha, Denver, Pueblo, Kansas City, Des Moines, Topeka, Leavenworth, St. Joseph (Mo.), Quincy and Evanston (Ill.), and a number of smaller Minnesota towns. Concerning the operation of the ordinance in Lincoln the mayor reports that it was a complete surprise, both to the police and parents; that there was a decrease of 75 per cent in the arrests of youths during the first month; that no increase of the police force was necessary, but, on the contrary, there was a pecuniary saving from the falling off in the number of arrests. A decided improvement in the youth of the city, socially and morally, is also noted. The superintendent of the Nebraska Reform School reports that there has been a decrease in commitments of delinquents of that school from places where the ordinance is enforced, and the chief of police says: 'Teachers in the public schools say that since curfew went in force boys who formerly kept late hours on the streets at night and were behind in their studies, under curfew come regularly, are punctual, and mentally refreshed, and up with their studies.'
>
> "The chief of police of St. Joseph, Mo., writes: 'After seven months of enforcement of the curfew ordinance, I beg leave to inform you that it has proven an unqualified success, and at the present time I am safe in saying that at least seven-eighths of the people of this city give it their sincere and cordial approval and support. It has been instrumental in keeping hundreds of children off the streets and away from public places at night, who, previous to the passage and enforcement of the curfew, were accustomed to run at will at all hours of the night. There has been a reduction of fully 50 per cent in commitments to the reform schools from St. Joseph since the enactment of the curfew ordinance.'
>
> "The mayor of North Platte, Neb., says: 'For two years before passing the ordinance fourteen boys and girls were sent to the reform school from that place, and for two years since its enforcement none have been sent.'
>
> "The chief of police of Omaha says: 'There has been no occasion to make arrests under the provisions of the ordinance since it has been in force.—When nine o'clock comes," he adds, 'the children make it a point to go home. It is now an easy matter for parents to enforce home rules.'
>
> "The chief of police of Denver gives substantially the same testimony. The mayor of Des Moines is enthusiastic in his praise of the law."

A little while after the appearance of this article in the *Journal of Education,* the *Boston Herald* reports an address of Colonel Hogeland before the Twentieth Century Club of that city, in which he said that curfew ordinances had already been passed in over four hundred cities and towns in the West. *Public Opinion* for May, 1898, says:

> "The testimony of cities which have tried the curfew is uniformly favorable. The law has not destroyed civil liberty, nor promoted communism; it has not proved difficult of enforcement and has been well observed. It has checked hoodlumism.
>
> "A chief of police who opposed the ordinance at first, repented as he heard the steady patter of little feet, homeward bound, passing his office door at each ringing of the bell. The best curfew law is the Ontario act, which reads as follows:
>
> "'1. Be it ordained that it shall be unlawful for any child or children under the age of sixteen to be loitering on the streets or elsewhere out of doors in this city in the night season, after the hour of nine o'clock p. m., unless accompanied by parent or other adult guardian, or having a newly written, signed and dated statement from such parent or guardian, that he is on an emergency errand.
>
> "'2. Any child so found, after the time appointed, shall be liable to be warned by any constable or peace officer, to go home, and if, after such warning, the child shall be found

loitering on the streets, such child may be taken by said constable to his home.

"'3. Any parent or guardian may be summoned for permitting his child to habitually break said by-law, and, after having been warned in writing, may be fined for the first offense, one dollar, without costs, and for the second offense two dollars, and for a third or any subsequent offense five dollars.''

The Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of New York, in his annual report to the legislature of that state for 1898, advocated the establishment of a curfew law for the state, offering startling statistics in favor of the same. He said:

"In the three hundred towns and cities in the West where the law has been tried, there has been a decrease of from 50 to 75 per cent in the number of arrests of children, and a reduction of from 75 to 100 per cent in the number of commitments to reform schools.''

He further adds:

"The enforcement of a curfew law in New York, requiring all children under sixteen to be indoors at nine in summer and eight in winter, would be unjust and cruel to thousands of children on account of the crowded or dirty conditions of the wage-earners' homes, who come from a day's work in crowded factories; and even the street does not give them pure air to breathe, but it gives space for movement and offers them the only opportunity for social life.''

This is not in condemnation of the law, which he approves, but an awful arraignment of the municipalities that permit human life to be so huddled, like pigs in a sty.

The *Outlook* for January, 1898, in an editorial, quotes an old and efficient policeman as saying:

"It is a good thing; a decidedly good thing. Now we have some right, something to back us when we order the boys off the streets and send them home.''

Why, then, has this movement of the '90's, which promised so much, nay, which realized so much, which approved itself so unqualifiedly to the good judgment of policemen, teachers and parents, which in the practical working out wrought so little injury anywhere, and the requirements of which were enforced so easily, why has it been so neglected if not abandoned? Even in this land, so sensitive to liberty, so touchy as to personal rights, there was little protest coming, few, if any, litigations. The answer to the question lies in the laxity of American society, the lack-a-daisical attitude of parents, not only towards law, but towards the obvious well-being of their own children, the imbecility of the modern home as to the enforcement of any severe standards of discipline in regard to child or adult life. That a curfew regulation, or something more effective, should help keep the boys and girls from the streets after dark is obvious to every student of city life, except to the doting mother and the indulgent father who think *their* boys and *their* girls can be trusted.

How far our streets are infested with prowling bands of boys and girls out in search of adventure, ready for any daring fun, can be fully realized only by the policemen who are compelled to note the insolence, if nothing worse, the boisterousness, if nothing ruder, of the boys and girls who haunt our corners after nightfall, with whom they dare not interfere; for they know from sad experience that any attempt to enforce police authority will be promptly resented by indignant parents.

I am not speaking of the children of the slums. The problem of childhood in the crowded Ghetto on Halsted street and beyond is one thing; the problem of the boys on Oakwood Boulevard and the adjacent territory, lying south as well as north, is quite another. The children of the slums are forced to the streets in search of air, driven there by too meager homes. The children of the latter class take to the streets in search of excitement; driven there by too luxurious and, consequently, inane homes. The fathers and mothers of the former district may neglect their children for the saloons; the fathers and mothers in the avenue districts neglect their children for the club, the opera, and the theater; delegating their responsibilities to nurse girls, governesses and domestic attendants. The grocers and small merchants in a certain territory in the city of Chicago,—not the abandoned territory either,—the other day appealed in an official petition to the President of the School Board, asking if it were not possible for them to take some steps by which they might be saved from the annoyances and depredations of the mischievous and insolent school children of the neighborhood in the evening.

"O where is my wandering boy tonight?''

is the refrain of an old song which needs new interpretation in the presence of the "new mother" whose darling has entered the wayward path by "just slipping out after supper, just to see the boys, you know;" "just his playmates, just the neighborhood boys!" What are they doing? Playing "rough house," which is simply a boy's way of being lawless, of delighting in disorder.

I am thinking not of the drunkard's son nor of the son who ever will be a drunkard; I am not thinking of those who yield to the temptations of the saloon. The boys I am thinking of will take their dissipations, when they come to them, with more elegant surroundings; they will find their privileges in the club, and if it be in a "dry" territory they will furnish their private locker with the stuff that will coarsen the fiber of the soul, dull the edge of the intellect and silence the clamor of conscience. I am thinking of the favored little boy, the well-born and the well-bred in his infancy; the daintily clothed; whose English speech has been guarded and who is inducted early, if need be, into the French accent and the German guttural; the boy who goes "just around the corner," who soon, on his return will avoid the mother's lips and slink into bed without the good-night kiss, for a cause. He has been apprenticeing himself to the cigarette. I am thinking of the wastage and devastation of the idle hour on the street between supper and bedtime, to which the boys and girls of the boulevard and the avenue are subjected.

Some two years ago, our librarian undertook to list the boys who claimed the hospitalities of the Lincoln Centre, and her list reached upward of five hundred in this community; and not all of them come from Thirty-ninth street by any means, and the worst of them do not necessarily come from there.

What are we doing for such boys? Here at the Lincoln Centre the boy represents the storm center, the sociological battle-line. The problem of Lincoln Centre is the problem of this community; it is the problem of the municipality, the problem of American civilization; viz., the problem of the boy; not the boy of vicious parentage and perverted inheritance, not the boy who was thrown into the world with a propulsion towards the penitentiary, but the boy who has inherited culture and wealth; the boy who was predestined to an honorable ballot, responsible offices, commercial, social, and religious ascendency and leadership, but whose life is being perverted, poisoned, weakened, by just these street habits. Pretty soon your "nice" boy will begin to bring home reports from the teachers

that he is not doing so well as he ought to in his studies. It will require parental negotiations to keep him in school; and when he enters college he will select the easy courses; he will be boisterous along secondary lines, become an authority on athletics, a "rusher" for his fraternity, a tireless worker for the functions; in short, he will occupy a conspicuous place in the life of the University, partaking of all its privileges except those of the class room; he will be a full-fledged student in everything except his studies; there will be unpublished details of "conditions," and he will win through examinations by the skin of his teeth.

What are we, the churches in this community, doing? What are the cultured fathers and mothers doing for this five hundred or more early evening rabble of boys?

I know what we in the Lincoln Centre are trying to do. Out of the slender purse of one woman in this parish, money enough has come to hire one young girl from Texas for half a year, to see what she can do to bring this interesting, tumultuous, lawless bedlam of street boys under the spell of this institution. Many of them are yet too idle to lay hold of the systematic privileges of this institution, offered them in the Manual Training, Domestic Science, Gymnasium or Library; or, if they turn to the Library, its shelves are meagerly furnished with worn-out books, because this community is too poor to put within the reach of these boys and those who are working in their interest the best helps or an adequate corps of helpers.

But these boys, indulged at home, menaced with too much leisure, undisciplined and wayward in their habits, are interesting, are promising. I know what the Lincoln Centre would like to do with them. Many of them are little boys whose fingers might be trained to deftness, whose energies might be directed. There is room down stairs for primary work on technical lines,—weaving, basketry, modeling, carving, printing, book-binding,—the pedagogical, nay, the psychological and ethical character-building value of which is being amply expounded in Chicago, at clubs, at parents' meetings and other pedagogical societies. But we can scarcely try the experiment; we can scarcely begin to apply these theories, however attractive, on lines indicated at the Lincoln Centre, because the women of this community are too busy to furnish the time; the men in this community are too poor to furnish the money; the homes in this community are too preoccupied with their own problems to devote the necessary attention to this fundametal civic problem in Chicago.

As a matter of fact, thanks to the generosity of this community, we are enabled to touch the lives of a few boys on these sane and saving lines, at a rough estimate, perhaps in one way or another two hundred and fifty out of our five hundred or more boys come under the spell of this institution weekly, after school hours and in early evening.

What little we do on this most important of all our humanitarian and sociological lines is clearly more than our neighboring churches are doing; and still, they are all equipped with organizations of women and men, new mothers and ambitious fathers, who recognize the importance of this problem. There are eight churches within gun-shot of the Lincoln Centre, overlapping this territory. What could they not do for the not five hundred but two thousand boys in this territory if they but worked together and recognized the pre-eminence of this claim, the fundamental character of this work, compared with which all the other uplifting activities, all the other efforts to beautify, sanitize, or make ethical our city are but superficial and inefficient.

And here comes in the sane suggestion of our Catholic neighbor. In the present chaotic, anarchistic condition of our city laws, there is perhaps not the slightest possibility of effecting any such wise provision as the curfew bell by city ordinance or police regulation. A city that cannot close its saloons at one o'clock in the morning or during the waking hours of one rest day in seven, though both be provided for by state and city legislation, cannot hope to drive the little children off the streets by nine o'clock; but much could be done in a community like this in the line of the Catholic Father's suggestion.

Bells have been largely eliminated from our city belfries, and righty so. Their near clangor distresses the ear. But I have dreamed of a great salutary movement in the interest of the children on the streets after dark if, by concerted action of the ministers, Sunday-school workers, parents and teachers, the tattoo and taps could announce the bedtime hour. I wish we could arrange for the clear notes of the bugle to be sounded every night from the top of the Lincoln Centre at a quarter to nine; and if the refrain could be echoed from the towers and belfries of the adjoining eight churches, how melodious, how sweetly, how imperatively would the home time, if not bedtime, be heralded; particularly if, still following the example of our Catholic neighbor, authorized representatives of law and order, committees of men, and women, too, would coöperate with the police and patrol these corners at nine o'clock to see that at least the juvenile apprentices in these schools of crime are saved from the further demoralization of the night.

I make the suggestion deliberately and would urge it in every way within my power—not because I would hark back to the simpler life of a priest-directed community, but because I would sally forth looking forward to the new requirement and new habit justified and enforced by a new-day sociology.

Have you read "Little John's Emancipation," a story in the *American Magazine* for October? I had read it and was impressed with the freshness, the insight and the human sympathies of the story only a few days before I received by mail the tender revealment that connected the author with our All Souls Church and the story of Little John with this boy problem of Lincoln Centre.

Away back in 1893 a young woman came from an Iowa home to Chicago to further pursue her studies in the University. The message of this pulpit attracted her; the work of this church enlisted her sympathies, and she asked and received our right hand of fellowship. She was a child of genius; her soul was alert with great purposes. She worked hard to fit herself as a writer. At last the day of her triumph seemed to come; the story of "Little John's Emancipation" was promptly accepted at the McClure office, and, more than that, the sagacity of the editor recognized the promise of still better things and promptly contracted for all future productions that might fall from her pen.

It was a thrilling moment in the life of the young woman, and her soul leapt to its higher tasks. But month by month, owing to a change of management and the vicissitudes known only in the editorial sanctum, the appearance of the story was postponed, and one year after another passed. Meanwhile, the sword was fretting the scabbard; the strain was too great, and when at last the bright story saw the light and a

numberless constituency read it with delight, poor Jessamine Jones was too near the river's edge, the boat that was to bear her across the mystic river was too close at hand for her to know her triumph. And the bereaved mother writes me:

"So many times my daughter wanted to send you some money for your church work, but at no time did she have it to spare. She had anticipated so much pleasure and help from working in your church, and she would have been able to do great good, I am sure, had she had strength equal to her ambition."

I cannot forbear, with this theme in mind, from speaking her name in this connection and gratefully acknowledging these high contributions, which are seldom listed; the blessed helpers who are unable to record their willingness or to measure their helpfulness by the record on any treasurer's roll.

The work that Jessamine Jones illuminated by the clear light of her funeral taper is left in your hands and mine. Surely, there are those who will continue the task and will help sound the curfew call to win the dear boys and the innocent girls out of the paths of artless waywardness to the ways of ordered thought and the high opportunities that will make their little lives not only rhythmic but joyous, increasingly useful and consequently peaceful.

Let us take to heart the curfew problem until from the high places of Lincoln Centre and eventually, perchance, from the high places of all the houses dedicated to morality and religion in this country, the call to the home fireside and the evening prayer shall again be sounded with twentieth century accents and progressive emphasis.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night:
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

China. The Empress Dowager of China is dead. This announcement far outweighs in importance to the outside world the accompanying news of the death of Quang Hsu, the actual Emperor of China, who, like other puppets before him, has been entirely subservient to the will of the Dowager Empress, and who, except for a brief flight into the regions of reform a few years ago, has been a colorless nonentity, occupying a throne somewhere in the vast, luxurious stretches of the Imperial Palace. The Empress Dowager, Tsze Hsi An, was cast in more heroic mold. She has been frequently likened to Katherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England, and, like them, combined such qualities of brain and will as have enabled her to rule a vast and complicated empire for nearly fifty years. Hers has been a masterful hand; and though of late she has been brought under the spell of modern tendencies sufficiently to have that hand outstretched towards occidental reforms and concessions to foreign ideas, it was to the hour of death the strong hand, and men are wondering whose is now to be the burden of wielding China's scepter. Prince Chun is the regent appointed by the Dowager to reign for his son, the new emperor, Pu Yi. The world awaits the readjustment to the new rule with watchful interest.

Roman Catholic Missionary Congress. A rare aggregation of pontifical dignitaries of the Roman hierarchy in America is in session in Chicago as we write. Solemn high mass was celebrated last Sunday in the Cathedral of the Holy Name by Special Papal Legate Diomede Falconio, with all the pomp and circumstance that attend the highest religious functions of Romanism. A description of the glittering pageant, with all its details of splendor and traditional magnificence, reads like a story from the middle ages, or a chapter from Sienkiewicz. This great ceremonial was the opening event of a missionary congress now in session, which has for its object the consideration of methods for spreading the propaganda of Catholicism more widely in this country.

German Emancipation. We Americans are not so surprised at the recent sudden turn of political events in Germany as we are that this emancipation has been so long in coming. We have often wondered how a nation so highly civilized as Germany, so proficient, efficient and scholarly, could still submit to practically an autocratic form of government, and stand so in awe of the "Kaiserlich-Koeniglich" principle. That the people have awakened at last to the incongruity of popular intelligence being overridden by a by no means infallible sovereign is clearly evidenced by the fact that political emancipation is the issue of the hour in Germany, that the national temper is aroused over the late imperial indiscretions, and that the people are clamoring for a ministry that shall be responsible to them and not to the Kaiser. According to unvarnished dispatches, Emperor Wilhelm rides a pretty high horse and holds popular opinion in low esteem. But it is a perfectly safe assumption that when he hears the murmurings of an intellectual people expanding into roars of disapproval, he will dismount and yield his valor to his discretion. Probably the German people were never more deeply stirred than they are today since the establishment of the empire. The Kaiser is not fool enough to precipitate a revolution.

Croker's Views. The expatriated and ex-Tammany boss "deplores the suppression of race track gambling in New York." We have a certain very smug sense of satisfaction in telling Mr. Croker that the majority of New York state voters do not agree so emphatically with him. They said so emphatically two weeks ago.

Anent Much Foolishness. A few more scandalous stories, divorces and criminal actions among the pluto-autocrats of American society will make us of the vast majority willing to sit back and be commonplace, even to the extent of occupying contentedly the family hearth, foregoing autos and airships, and reading our Ten Commandments by the light of the old dispensation.

Reform in San Francisco. With more deadly effect than ever hitherto will the movement for reform and for the cleansing of the city from the unspeakable Ruef be prosecuted, now that an exalting public righteousness has been awakened by the attempted assassination of Public Prosecutor Francis J. Heney. Heney's martyrdom will give rise to a reactive force that will wipe graft out of existence in San Francisco. There is some poetic justice in the situation that satisfies a very human feeling common to all of us: Mr. Heney is likely to recover and go on with his work, while the assassin is dead by his own hand. P. S. W.

Famine in India

To write of famine in India is a melancholy task. It means the recountal of chronic suffering and continual plunder, widespread starvation keeping pace with merciless exploitation. Early and late, under the scorching sun of the tropics, the poor villager toils, a bit of coarse cloth about his loins, from cradle to grave neither he nor his family ever knowing the satisfaction of a full meal, and if they have one meal of any kind each day throughout the year they count themselves fortunate. Nor is this due to improvidence. It is impossible to save from one harvest to another. Even when the harvests are good the enforced payment of taxes to the Government in cash, not in grain, as soon as the harvests are reaped makes it necessary to sell at a very low price when every one has a surplus of produce and buy later on in the year at a much higher rate. For taxes must be paid, though the whole people starve the next day. In this way the Government can buy cheaply and sell dearly with almost no expense of storage between operations. In olden times, before foreign occupancy, the surplus of produce from a plentiful year was stored in huge public granaries for use during a year of flood or drouth. Many of these old granaries are still standing, monuments to a vanished thrift and peace and plenty, monu-

ments also to British "development" of the country's resources. Flood and drouth are no more frequent now in India than they ever were, but famines are, for now every handful of grain and every penny is wrung from the helpless peasant to swell the coffers of the governing class.

The Indian peasant, the great majority of the people, live in mud huts with thatched roofs—slight protection against wind and storm. Orissa, a Bengal province, is just now practically devastated by flood, every mud hut flattened to the ground and hundreds of thousands homeless. The main hope of all these people was the autumn crops, and the floods have left them without any subsistence whatever. Their emaciated condition makes them powerless to resist the ravages of cholera and the plague, and so they die like fleas, whole villages and scores of villages at a time.

After long and repeated importuning the Government opened its so-called relief works. I copy the following from the Government report, the figures showing the number of persons receiving assistance in one week:

Bengal	17,993
United Provinces	477,566
Punjab	921
Central Provinces	4,254
Bombay	11,311
Native States	74,387
	576,427

In addition to this nearly six hundred thousand now receiving a pittance a piece from the Government—just enough to keep soul and body together—there are vast areas where famine is practically chronic from year's end to year's end, but because there has been no sudden and acute disaster like this flood in Orissa nothing is done for them. The Government never lifts its hand except to save its own reputation as "the Government." It does not care whether the people live or die, if only it is not blamed for their death. In fact, many of its measures seem especially designed to hasten the death of hundreds of thousands—such as the insistence that taxes shall be paid in cash instead of produce, and at a time when the laborer can get practically nothing for his goods. But it poses as a Christian and humane country, and in the face of some great disaster it makes a show of giving relief. The more well-to-do Indians have, of course, organized relief measures among themselves, but all they can do is a mere drop in the bucket in comparison with what is needed.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century India was swept by famine seventeen times, and now in many districts the cloud never lifts. Many so-called learned men have pretended to "study the situation," have given divers reasons and prepared long treatises on various "causes" and "remedies." The cause is one, and plain enough to any but those who do not want to see—in every famine year, as in every other year, millions of money and cargoes of foodstuffs are sent to England from India under the very eyes, out of the very mouths of the starving millions whose work produced this wealth. India's exports increase year by year; so do her famines. Is there any need to inquire further into the "cause"? Fifty lacs of money are spent on the decoration of a ballroom for a provincial governor a few miles from where fifty thousand natives die like dogs for want of a full meal. These things are the "cause"; the "remedy" is food.

All Englishmen are not irremediably obtuse. They see these things—they cannot fail to—they know the conditions; the facts are before their eyes day in and day out, year in and year out. But I am coming to believe that the Englishman is irremediably avaricious, hopelessly commercialized. For generations we have prayed for justice, for fair treatment, for *food*. We are worse off now than ever before. Our only hope is in the force of public opinion brought to bear upon our exploiters as by degrees other countries awake to the true state of affairs. For the true state of affairs in India is the last thing in the world that England wants known by the rest of the world. As long as our starving millions will suffer in silence England will be content to go on with her robbery in a similar silence. When a few of us have cried out in our wretchedness, have called for help to a "Christian world," and have tried from time to time to help ourselves, England has redoubled her oppression, the stringency of her laws and the weight of her great power over us. God knows how long it will last! Is there none among the civilized peoples of the earth who will listen to our cry and look into this great wrong for themselves and see whether or not we are telling the truth? There is no use to appeal to England for information; she will give only what will redound to her own glory. Only by seeing with your own eyes the utter misery and abject poverty of this once prosperous land will you ever know the truth. —*Exchange.*

The Secret of Time and Satan

And so at last I saw Satan appear before me—magnificent, fully formed.
Feet first, with shining limbs, he glanced down from above among the bushes, and stood there erect, dark-skinned, with nostrils dilated with passion—
(In the burning, intolerable sunlight he stood, and I in the shade of the bushes)—
Fierce and scathing the affluence of his eyes, and scornful of dreams and dreamers—(he touched a rock hard by and it split with a sound like thunder)—
Fierce the magnetic influence of his dusky flesh; his great foot, well-formed, was planted firm in the sand—with spreading toes—
"Come out," he said with a taunt, "Art thou afraid to meet me?"
And I answered not, but sprang upon him and smote him.
And he smote me a thousand times, and brashed and scorched and slew me as with hands of flame;
And I was glad, for my body lay there dead; and I sprang upon him again with another body;
And he turned upon me and smote me a thousand times and slew that body;
And I was glad and sprang upon him again with another body—
And with another and another and again another;
And the bodies which I took on yielded before him, and were like cinctures of flame upon me, but I flung them aside;
And the pains which I endured in one body were powers which I wielded in the next; and I grew in strength, till at last I stood before him complete, with a body like his own and equal in might—exultant in pride and joy.
Then he ceased and said, "I love thee."
And lo! his form changed, and he leaned backwards and drew me upon him,
And bore me up into the air, and floated me over the topmost trees and the ocean, and round the curve of the earth under the moon—
Till we stood again in Paradise.

—*Edward Carpenter, from "Towards Democracy."*

And mark the sense and matter of all that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you.

—*Sir Henry Sidney.*

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

RELIGIOUS QUICKENING IN GENEVA.—Once again is the old experience verified that it is the days of uncertainty and difficulty which are the seasons of spiritual quickening to individuals and to communities. Previous to the passage of the law abolishing the budget of worship, there were not wanting those who would frankly admit that the religious life of Geneva was at a low ebb. The unexpected adoption of that law by popular vote would, it was at first feared, find the church with too little vitality to recover itself. Hence the agony of some and the indifference of others on the morning after the vote. Yet it seems certain that there has not been for years so much genuine, conscious, purposeful religious life and fervor in Geneva as there is today. The imperative and critical nature of the situation developed the fact that deep in the popular heart was a church ideal which it was unwilling to give up, and the harmonizing, unifying power of that ideal became increasingly manifest through all the deliberations over the new church constitution and its adoption by the people at the polls.

Nor has this unification been confined to those within the old church itself, as the following, abridged from *La Semaine religieuse*, will show:

Since his withdrawal from the official clergy of the city, Mr. Frank Thomas has never appeared in the pulpit of the cathedral, though he has on various occasions officiated, with due sanction of the Consistory, in other churches of the city and surrounding country. Very general therefore was the interest, not to say excitement, when the name of the popular preacher of Victoria Hall appeared among the Sunday announcements for October 18 as preacher at St. Peter's. So notable and significant was the event, that the venerable cathedral overflowed with the throng that gathered to hear what it might mean.

Taking for his text Mark VI:48, Mr. Thomas went on to speak of the anxieties through which the church had been passing. Jesus, he said, began by setting his disciples apart from the multitude. He did not do this, however, for the purpose of making of them an exclusive little group "well-beloved of the Lord," absorbed in singing his praises and securing their personal salvation, but that he might fit them to give themselves more fully and nobly to the service of the multitude.

Something analagous had happened the past year to the Geneva church. The great Head of the church had separated it from the nation that it loved and fain would save. He did this in wisdom and love; not for the triumph of free thought nor of superstition, but for the purification of the church. If God has set us apart it is that we may have a deeper influence upon the masses, that laymen may work side by side with the pastors, that we may prepare the coming of a church truly missionary in its breadth and faithfulness. In proportion as it becomes conscious of its duties, this church will devote itself to social questions. Our civilization still hides in its bosom regions whence paganism has not been driven out. The leaven of the Christ life must penetrate the whole, not to bring in the theocracy of Calvin—for individual liberty must be respected—but to bring into human society more of justice, more of brotherhood, more of love.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS.—This is to be neither an allegory nor an anthology, nor yet a fairy tale, or any form of fiction, but the outline of a true story of to-day, in which, however, there are suggestions of material enough for a thrilling work by F. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope or any other of our present masters of romantic fiction, for why should not "The Diva's Ruby" be matched by "The Pearls of Princess Marie"?

The scene of my story, then, is Georgia, in the Transcaucasus, that wonderful old country whose people trace their descent from Thargamos, great-grandson of Japhet, the son of Noah. The history of this ancient kingdom, linked successively with that of Persia, Turkey and Russia, is one long story of love, intrigue, romance, heroism, chivalry, brutality and bloodshed. Its line of native sovereigns ended in 1799, when George XIII renounced in favor of Alexander I of Russia, that throne which his ancestors had held for 1,029 years, drawing down upon himself by so doing the hatred and curses of his country. George died the following year, the last of the Bagratides to occupy the Georgian throne, though a younger brother, Alexander, made ineffectual efforts to regain it. These Bagratians, by the way, claimed descent from David, by his adulterous intercourse with the wife of Uriah. Since 1799, then, that ancient land, in spite of occasional revolts, has formed a part of the Russian empire, with all that implies of outrage and misrule.

The heroine of our tale, so far as yet appears, is a veritable Princess of this ancient realm, the other *dramatis personæ* occupying the stage at the present moment are certain prominent jewelers of St. Petersburg, Paris, Geneva and elsewhere; the benevolent *Deus ex machina* is our friend the Countess degli Asinelli, whom UNITY readers already know as the devoted organizer of Swiss support for Miss Hobhouse—while the as yet unknown rescuer may prove to be some wealthy American.

Such are the suggestive elements and possibilities which we offer gratis to our distinguished writers of drama or romance, while I allow Mme. degli Asinelli to tell her part of the story here as nearly as possible in her own words. This then is what she writes:

"I have a very dear friend, a Georgian princess, who has sustained very heavy losses owing to the sad condition of her country (Georgia, Caucasus) under the Russian government; you are a member of the Peace and consequently are aware of the frightful suffering of all the Czar's conquered subjects. Suffice it to say that Princess Marie has had no money—not a single kopeck—from her huge properties for these three last years. She finds herself under the cruel necessity of selling some of her valuable heirlooms.

"A few months ago she had a beautiful pearl necklace, estimated at St. Petersburg, by the court jeweler, at the 'commercial value' of 100,000 roubles or $52,300. Unfortunately, she found no purchaser there, everybody having had financial losses. In Paris she encountered the same failure, though a jeweler offered her 150,000 francs down, with a promise of two-thirds of the overplus once the necklace sold. She did not accept this proposition and feared to leave the pearls in his possession; such precious things are so easily exchanged!

"In Geneva, three of our best jewelers (among them Mr. Glaton, well known in Chicago, where he obtained a gold medal in 1893) have undertaken the business of finding an amateur willing to buy the beautiful ornament, though they frankly admitted that they very much feared the commercial season would be a bad one, owing to the fact that their best customers, the Americans, have suffered such heavy losses.

"The necklace weighs 865 grains and consists of 40 large round pearls of nearly *equal size*, besides the pearl forming the clasp. It is a beautiful specimen of that kind of jewelry. Yet it is not quite perfect either; that is to say, that the pearls come from three different sources: the Indian ocean, the Mexican gulf and the Bosphorus, a fact that affects the tints (what we call "*l'orient de la perle*"); some are beautiful, others, the Mexican ones, are slightly greenish and inferior in value, and not quite round. But on the whole it is a beautiful necklace, which has necessitated many years of searching for sorting the size.

"As to the price, of course I should like to find a purchaser willing to pay the sum stipulated at St. Petersburg; if necessary, though, I shall make a slight reduction. All due guarantee will be given to the buyer, who can see the necklace here in Geneva. If possible, I should prefer selling without the jeweler; as here they all ask a very high percentage, but,

of course, if the purchaser wishes it, the pearls may again be valued by a well-known Swiss firm.

"Perhaps I ought to add that the owner belongs to an historical family of Georgia; the name and all needed details will be given when the beautiful pearls leave my hands to adorn the happy new possessor."

Later our friend writes: "As you know by the postcard I sent you, I spent a few weeks in London, running from jeweler to pearl broker, from influential friend to rich amateur, hoping always to sell my pearl necklace. If I were at all pessimistic, I should be quite disheartened by now, but I have learnt so many interesting things about pearls, have seen so much of the "inner soul of many merchants" (a psychological study), have met so many clever people, have seen so many charming homes, have spread far and wide the news that a valuable ornament is to be sold—that on the whole I feel I have not lost my time. I came back, then rushed off to Basel, where a good offer was made. Alas! the rich lady who wished to possess pearls of incomparable beauty finds mine not round enough. At the present moment a jeweler of Basel is trying to sell the pearls in Munich. Will he succeed?

"If only we had faith, and nothing but faith, how surely would everything progress. For faith is the spring of all activity. And there . . . I feel that I have faith even for the pearls of Princess Marie."

* * *

It is inspiring to learn, as this "real, true story" unfolds, that it is not for herself, primarily, that Princess Marie is seeking to dispose of her pearls. The use of the Georgian language has long been forbidden in their public schools, but, relying on a written promise of the late czar, some Georgian patriots ventured years ago to open, as private institutions, at Tiflis, a college for boys and a high school for girls. Now the people are so impoverished that they can no longer support these schools and it is feared that the girls' school, at least, will have to be abandoned until better times. Princess Marie, a noble, progressive woman, would save the situation by opening the boys' college to girls, introducing co-education, but money must be had to do even this.

The necklace is still unsold and hopeful eyes still turn toward America, though in certain quarters a project is on foot to purchase the gems as a present for Queen Wilhelmina on the birth of the hoped-for heir to the throne of Holland. Further information concerning the pearls may be obtained through Mme. E. degli Asinelli (6 *Rue Pélouse*, Geneva, Switzerland), whose greatest desire is that the beautiful heirloom sacrificed with so noble an intent may find its way into the possession of some one not less worthy than the original owner.

M. E. H.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.—*Milton.*

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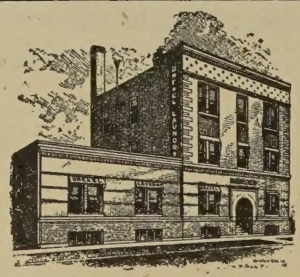

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